THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE MAGAZINE PAGE



alone these. What sent the incomparable Cavalleri to the front is to her more than love of country, more than pitying womanliness. She has gone to the trenches to try to heal, and mend, her

broken heart, Life has disappointed La Belle Cavalieri. Marriage has disappointed her. Robert Winthrop Chanler, to whom she was briefly wedded, disappointed her. Lucien Muratore, or marriage, or love, or both of the last combined in the tenor spouse, have proved her latest and great-

est disappointment. That which France denied her own country has granted. For half a year the beautiful one has been on her knees to the allies to permit her to serve the cause as a nurse. That was all she said: 'I would serve your cause as a nurse.' But France for two reasons declined her offer. France, as other countries involved in the great carnival of human slaughter, is discovering that pretty, pampered women who attached themselves to the hospitals in field or camp. are more earnest than they are helpful Trained nurses, of grimmer quality, complain that the soft-handed women of undisciplined lives are a hindrance to efficiency. They faint when a man is carried in minus an eye or a feature. They sicken at sight of blood. They are flung into hysterics by the sound of groans.

That is what the nurses assert. A little discount may be made for nerves at the tension which those of the trained nurses reach. But it plainly represents the attitude of the hospital graduates and experience-seasoned nurses. They are a bit impatient with the llly-handed women

who offer their aid. But there was another reason why France declined the services at the sick bed of the lovely Cavalieri. France loves its Muratore. Lucien Muratore, the husband of La Cavaleri, is one of the fore-most tenors of France. Repeatedly has it been said that Cavalleri had shown petulance toward him in public. Paris knows that it is the lovely one's caprice to behave imperiously toward her lord.

its tenor made unhappy. Tenors are rare plants in the garden of music. They must be cherished. Marital unhappiness affects the voice. Should Cavalieri desert her Muratore, who knows? His voice might desert him, too, or it might be his miserable fancy to sing no more. His vocal chords might go into mourning. Politely, therefore, but firmly, France declined her services.

La Belle Cavalleri bethought her then of her own country. Italy, at which she had been for some mysterious reason piqued; Italy, which she said she would never again revisit; Italy might accept the remainder of the life of her sorrowing daughter.

To an officer at Rome she wrote. Once he had melted as wax in her hands. He would remember? He would understand? Perhaps. Silence for a time, then a let-ter from the officer, brief, but hopeful. "I shall do my best! Wait." More silence. Long, eager waiting by the prima donna, who sang no longer because her heart was heavy. And then the summons. Lina Cavalleri Muratore packed away

all her priceless gowns, like cobwebs of silver and gold; all her frost-like laces; all her jewels that were like tiny moons and stars. She closer her chateau, to which she had been wont to fly when she thought she required solitude. With one trunk, instead of the thirty with which she crossed the Atlantic, and dressed severely in black, she took train from Paris for Rome. She had had her im-perious way. She had gone to the It mattered little to her, she told the

two or three friends who accompanied her to the station, whether or not she re-

"I want to forget," she said; "and I am

willing to be forgotten. it cannot be said of Lucien Muratore that he has been unfaithful. It pleased Cavalleri to be enraged when Fate, the bungler, placed Muratore and his former wife on the same stage at a concert in America, after he had taken Lina Cavalieri for his second spouse! Of a certainty this was Fate's fault, not Mura-



The Beautiful, Classic, but Saddened Face of Cavalieri, from a Recent Photograph.

The True Story of How the World's Greatest Living Beauty Is Seeking Forgetfulness from the Cruel Memories of Her Latest Uncongenial Husband

tore's. But it put his second and more beautiful wife in a rage. Rage, tears, then sullenness, the cycle of irritable wifehood. Muratore thought of the martyrs and sighed. Then again began the cycle. It was when rage had subsided and tears had dried, in the sullenness that is like the ebb of the tide, that Signor and Signora Muratore sailed from America for France, and in her adieus the bride railed at marriage-yes, and

"Happiness! In marriage! You who expect that are chasing the mirage." Her face was turned absolutely toward the sea. Her husband gazed pensively upon her beautiful profile with an ag-grieved, husbandly, how-can-I-please-her expression. "I have never known peace," exclaimed Cavalleri. And they sailed away. But not, it appears, to peace.

From their home, the house which Cavalieri owned before he wed her, came rumors of bickerings with Lucien Maratore. "But when was marriage like a mill pond? That would be abominable, be-cause uninteresting," said Paris. Paris remembered what Cavalleri had

long held about marriage, for she did not early begin her marrying.
"I shall never marry," she had said

"for the very best of reasons. What sort of man would marry a star of the stage? Either he would be a commanding per-sonage who would bid her leave her triumphs forever or he would be a poor creature suitable only to carry her shawl and travelling bag. I should hate the one and despise the other. No, for Cavalieri there would be no happiness in mar-

Yet Cavalieri did marry. First, she took for a husband the eccentric painter Robert Winthrop Chanler, Sheriff of Dutchess County and reputed possessor of many millions. It was not long before the American prima donna discovered

that her husband was uncongenial.
"He has so loud a voice. He looks and behaves like a big, shaggy bear, And he finds fault with me, Cavalieri. He complains when old friends call upon me,' she said in furious amazement.

The American had, indeed said harsh things when he called at a hospital and found a Russian prince at his bride's bed-The prince had retreated, albeit, with smiles and bows. Her husband had remained to "make a scene" that caused her head to ache. And she had bade him

And there was Alexandre, her son, sixteen and tail and handsome, a larger replica of herself. The American distiked aim, resented him, would have none of him, which was, the diva thought, unreasonable treatment of one accustomed in all things to having her own way.

And there was the money. Ah, the money! The american had promised her everything, and had not her dear American friend, Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, told her he was of the American aristocracy and had dollars that could not be counted, so many there were?

And Mrs. Guinness, who lived in the beautiful house on Washington Square where artists and society met, assuredly Mrs. Guinness knew.

A brief honeymoon in Paris and Chanler sailed for New York. Cavalieri investigated. She learned that most of the property he had made over to her was in trust. Her husband was thoughtless in matters of money. Which to Lina Cavalieri was a strong point in uncongen-

She found him so uncongenial that he never returned to Paris and the inter-vention of her brother, Oreste, and of numberous lawyers was needed to "adjust differences." At last it was an-nounced that "differences had been adjusted," but only in a monetary way. Cupid, alarmed by the intensity of the uncongeniality, spread his wings for

Said Cavalieri: "A woman must marry one of her own class and tastes."
"Ah!" said Paris, brightening. "She means Muratore."

And so, it seems, she did, but Muratore, whose voice had been compared with Mario's, "that could soothe a soul in purgatory," was still married. In time that due, or overdue, disability was removed. Muratore, through the aid of the courts, was unmarried. And speedily Lina Cavalieri became Signora

Muratore. A year or two and now-the trenches. Why? The answer may be found in ome oft repeated reflections by Signora Muratore.

"I have had everything life has to give. By every rule and standard of the world I should have been happy. But listen to the truth as I shall speak it to you. The only happiness I have known has been in anticipation—anticipation of the things that I expected would bring hap-piness—and did not.

"My beauty? Sometimes I have hated it, but I have always taken care of it. "Love, of course, there has been. It has been chiefly an interruption in my artistic career. It is a terrible word-a terrible thing.

"Love is a consuming fire. It siezes on everything in one and gives back little-so little.

"Love is a torment, an exaction, a beautiful flower which secretes a poison. How, for instance, we learn to hate with piercing, nerve-tearing hatred, the faults of those we love!"

What are Muratore's faults? Paris, that loves him, says he has none. They say he is the devoted lover of his wife. But in that may be his fault. For La Cavalleri has said that she wished a considerate comrade rather than an ardent

At all events, Muratore is uncongenial her latest uncongenial companion—and she has fied him for the trenches—perhaps to death in the trenches. For the builets of the enemy are inconsiderate, striking down the nurse instead of the soldier. Fate may again show herself the bungler.